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The velvet ground,  
My couch around  
With treasures is aglow,  
'Neath emerald fern  
Bright berries burn;  
Like coral—born of snow.

For blossoms fair  
Are gleaming there,  
On the same tender stem;  
And close at hand,  
More stately stand,  
Full many a dark blue gem.

Above my head  
The old trees spread,  
Like arches dark and dim;  
While through them float  
The long sad note,  
Of forest bird's sweet hymn.

In tender peace,  
Life's troubles cease,  
Within that holy land,  
There life's salt tears,  
And bitter fears,  
Seem soothed by God's own hand!

Yet little fern  
We still must yearn—  
The vision all is o'er;  
And this sad soul,  
Though seasons roll,  
May see that land no more!

May 13, 1867.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

PARIS, Feb. 14th.

To fully appreciate the superlative beauty of Queenstown, one should have come over the sea: then the eye, wearied with three thousand miles of water-prospect, finds sweet relief in the green cliffs that terrace the harbor and encircle this lovely little seaport. The rising sun heightened the beauty of sky and landscape, from which the morning freshness had not yet departed, as our ship rounded a projecting bluff, and anchored outside the harbor, there to wait for the little tender that came puffing and careening out to take off our mails and the few passengers who, in travelling parlance, wished to "do" Ireland, before visiting England and the Continent.

We expected to have passed Queenstown in the night, but about 11 o'clock a direful fog—that terror to mariners—arose, arresting the ship's course, and filling with inquietude the minds of the passengers. To the fog was added a new terror for the nervous, by the fearful brayings of the "donkey," as the sailors term the windlass that is used to cast the ship's soundings.

This detention, instead of proving an annoyance, afforded us a new pleasure, as it obtained for us a view of the green coasts of old Ireland, while drifting slowly along, this lovely fresh morning. Many points of interest were designated by our splendid Captain, aided by the ship's glass. I saw upon a high eminence an old ruined castle, eleven hundred years old, the Captain told me. Soon after we passed King's Sail, famous as being the point where the unfortunate James II. landed in Ireland, after his abdication.

The distance from Queenstown to Liverpool is two hundred and fifty miles. The sail through the Irish Sea is easily effected in twenty-four hours. Upon bright days the passage is very charming: as we glide down between the two coasts we catch glimpses of the picturesque shores of Wales, and again of the retreating, romantic coast of Ireland. It is wonderful what an effect the approach of land has upon the sea-sick passengers, those who have stoutly resisted all the entreaties and authority of the stewardess to go upon the deck during the voyage, are the first to hasten there as soon as the report that we are nearing Queenstown reaches them, to regale themselves with a view of imaginary land. The morning that we were approaching Queenstown, I went early upon the deck, where I found the Captain reposing in a large easy chair, after the fatigue of a sleepless night passed upon the bridge. We were still many miles from Queenstown, but the bustle preparatory for arrival had already commenced. I was scarcely prepared, however, for one sight that met my eyes—that of a gentleman—an American, our British Captain maliciously asserted—who with carpet-bag and umbrella was rapidly hastening towards the fore part of the ship. Laughing heartily, the Captain inquired of me at which port the gentleman intended to disembark.

Liverpool greeted us with its accustomed morning fog, and although the sun was high in the heavens before our disembarkation, no glistening ray penetrated the thick, murky veil that lay like a pall upon this grim city. Parting after so many days of compulsory intercourse can never be a matter of indifference, and in this case, although our list of passengers contained no name more celebrated than that of Mr. Jordan, an actor well known to the New York public, yet my heart grew soft even towards the Spanish Don when I saw him striving to reclaim his dog from confiscation by the hands of Victor, the inexorable Custom House Officer. In vain he asserted that the dog's passage had been paid from Panama, his ticket did not record it, and Victor must have other proof than the oath of this errant knight.

While waiting at the Liverpool station for the morning train, I strolled along the platform looking at the book stalls. The first book that I noticed purported to belong to the "Standard American Library," and was adorned with a gorgeous illustration in many colors, representing a young squaw in a tragic attitude. My curiosity was sufficient to lead me to examine the book, but alas for American literature if that is to serve as a specimen. It was a thrilling narrative, filled with battles and massacres of whites and Indians, and comfortably ending by every body being tomahawked.

The next book that I observed was entitled "Friend Eli's Daughter, and other Tales." I recognized the title as that of a story of Bayard Taylor's, published some years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly," but upon turning to the title page found that the publisher gave not the slightest trace to its authorship. It formed one of a collection of short stories by American authors. It was brilliantly bound, and bore upon its cover a really pretty picture of the modest young Quakeress, with lowered eyes, standing in an open field beside her worldly lover.

Looking further, I found a meagre volume of Poe's works, made up of the irrepressible Raven, a few other of his less abused poems, several of

his pungent critiques, and the volume closing with two or three of his extraordinary imaginative tales.

From Liverpool to London the mail train conveys us in five hours. The route is paradisaical, if you omit the dusky manufacturing towns through which we pass as our course extends from the northwestern coast of England to the southern shore of this beautiful island. The homes of England have been portrayed and eulogized by poets and essayists of every clime, but among recent writers none have elucidated more charmingly the rural aspects of England than our own dear dead Hawthorne of blessed memory. With the descriptive words of this brilliant writer reverberating in my mind, I was sped over the green fields, and past the moss-roofed cottages that enliven the picturesque aspect of this "beautiful isle of the sea." The transition from New York that I had left eleven days previous ice-bound, and buried deep in snow to these green meadows of up-springing grass was surprisingly cheering, and although the face of Nature still wore a dusky hue, the air was mild and sultry as an April morn. Once when midway to London the sun for a moment burst through the sooty clouds of coal smoke, but nearing the vicinity of Northampton, he withdrew his amber beams, and again concealed his bright face behind his dingy shield. We missed the bloom of the bright hued flowers that had adorned the gardens in other times, and the field daisies and yellow buttercups that make the meadows of England so conspicuous for rural loveliness. The herds of cattle were grazing in the open fields, and the accustomed flocks of crows were whirling through the air, or reposing on the branches of the leafless trees.

London, like the ocean impresses the mind with power, vastness and sublimity. Its forests of stone houses astonish, bewilder, depress. Its turbid waters, its massive, dingy palaces, its lofty, spectral towers are wrapped in an eternal gloom of cloud-smoke. Everything in London is on a scale of magnitude that inspires wonder. Levathan bridges, limitless parks, stupendous grandeur, and exaggerated abjectness. It is impossible to describe this mighty city, one can only write a general impression. To give details would transcend the scope of an ordinary pen.

The evening gloom was deepening over the city as we entered the Euston Station. London hotels enjoy a fair reputation for comfort, quiet and exorbitant prices. The Victoria-hotel situated opposite the Euston station will perhaps satisfy the stranger as well as any of the more ambitious hotels. Its situation is advantageous for travelers, the building immense, and the rates of the rooms graduated according to their commodiousness. For three shillings English, one can make a good breakfast, that is, a cup of coffee and chops, with rolls and butter.

From London to Paris there are three routes: New Haven and Dieppe is the longest and cheapest, the passage across the Channel takes six hours. The Dover and Calais route is more expensive and less traveled. The time of departure depends entirely upon the tide.

At a quarter past one, we left Charing Cross station by the S. E. train for Folkestone. The day was warm, but there was no gleam of sun to animate the landscape until we reached the low downs that indicate the vicinity of the Channel. But still everything wore a vernal appearance in the fields, men were ploughing up the brown

earth, the buds upon the hawthorn hedges were swelling, and the meadows were of a deep emerald.

As we approach Folkestone, the aspect of the country becomes very wild. The castle-topped mansions and ivy covered cottages dwindle into rustic huts, and on every high point we see either solemn, spectral windmills, or grim-looking fortresses. Here there is little pasturage or meadow land, the ground being tilled for the cultivation of hops. The quaint appearance of the stacks of vine poles attracted my notice, but being ignorant of their purpose I inquired of mamma what they were, saying that they resembled Indian wigwams. As she could not inform me, an English lady who had sat silent in a corner of the carriage, the entire journey, replied that they were "hop poles," kindly adding "we are in the hop district now, you know."

The last rosy flames from the setting sun reddened the smooth waters of La Manche as we stepped upon the tiny steamer that conveys passengers across to the French coast. Tiny indeed when compared with our magnificent river boats, but sturdy and strong, and well adapted to contend with the "chopping seas" that are so often met in this little voyage of two hours and a half. However, this apprehension and concern manifested by those who have never encountered the grimmer perils of the ocean, is sometimes quite amusing. Our steamer had scarcely left the harbor, before the small, close, damp cabin was completely filled with ladies who anticipated a rough passage. Looking in upon them during the voyage, I found not only every couch occupied, but even the cabin floor covered with elegantly dressed ladies. When the steward came down to light the cabin lamps, two or three voices inquired almost simultaneously "if it was a very bad night." If they had ventured on the deck, they would have found the Channel smooth as a lake in summer, and the moon and stars shining brilliantly overhead, the union of water, moonlight and star-gleam, making the night irrepressibly beautiful. *Ad. revon.*

CECILIA.

MR. BAUMGARTEN, the great musical theorist, when a boy, was apprenticed to Mr. Kunzen, an eminent musician. That gentleman having one evening given his servant leave to go out, after having put down to the fire a partridge to roast for his supper, and having occasion to absent himself for a short time, desired the boy (young Baumgarten) to superintend it till he returned, and placing on the side-board a pint decanter of Moselle wine, told him, to prevent his tasting it, that it was poison.

The master staying out beyond his time, and the partridge becoming overdone, the boy, with a longing look, putting his finger to it, one of the legs dropped off. After having recovered his surprise, he ate it, and soon after pursuing the same course, oil came a wing, which he ate also.

At length, being impelled by the irresistibility of the bird's flavor, as well as by an insatiable appetite, and thinking that his master had staid out so late he would not return to supper, he devoured the remainder of it, trusting to his own invention for an excuse. Having finished his meal, reflection, which generally comes too late, overtaking him, and dreading the severity of his master's disposition, he determined, in despair, to swallow the poison in the decanter which had been placed on the sideboard. This he had

scarcely effected, when his master knocked at the door, which the boy, in his confusion, delayed to open, and on being asked why he did not come sooner, the boy, much agitated, replied—"the cat ate it."

"Why, you are dreaming," said the master.

The answer was given again—"the cat ate it."

The master, finding he could get no other reply, entered the kitchen, where, not seeing any partridge at the fire, and a plate full of well picked bones on the table, which the boy had neglected to put out of sight, was preparing to chastise him, when the boy, almost drowned in tears, cried: "Pray, sir, don't beat me,—I can't live long—for I was so much grieved at the fault I had committed, that I swallowed the whole bottle of poison!"

#### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Correspondence to the *London Musical World* describes Les Italiens as desolate in aspect when Adelina Patti did not perform there, "being usually half empty, notwithstanding reduction of prices for admission, the rest of the company being very inferior, the orchestra deficient in quality and discipline, the chorus meagre, and the stage appointments deplorably mean and shabby. Mlle. Patti's success in 'Rigoletto' was unqualified. She charmed in every bar and phrase she had to sing, and her delivery of 'Caronome,' embellished with a few chosen ornaments, one very difficult cadenza, in particular, conceived in most admirable taste and most faultlessly executed, may be specially instanced as a model of brilliant and expressive singing. The baritone Cresci supported the character of 'Rigoletto' respectably, but Fraschini was noisy, exaggerated, and unrefined as the 'Duke,' and as for the rest, silence would be the best comment." He considers Mlle. Nilsson one of the most charming and original artists he ever heard; still young and having yet to acquire something of finish and power, but her voice, a genuine soprano fogato, is throughout its very extensive compass one of the sweetest and purest imaginable, and her singing is remarkable for extreme brilliancy and unaffected expression. Her appearance is pleasing and prepossessing, and in action she is easy and graceful. Her extreme originality is, however, perhaps her greatest charm. Although in the first step of her career, this gifted young singer may justly claim enrollment among artists the memory of whom is for all time.

Ambrose Thomas reconsidered his first idea of making "Hamlet" a tenor at L'Academie, because no actor competent to such a difficult role could be found there, and therefore fitted it for a baritone as Faure could act it admirably. That correspondence deems the suppression of all cavalry and artillery bands in the French army, except Potonnier, unpopular. The band of Guides will be provisionally retained so as to play in the Grand International Concerts at l'Exposition Universel. That correspondence deems Mlle. Sass' performance in "Don Carlos" nil. She gives all her music very beautifully, but appears to rely upon her noble organ and admirable method for effect. Mme. Lauters he considers decidedly a better actress. In regard to voice there is little difference between them, and Mlle. Nilsson will find no rival in singing at L'Academie when she appears there, but as her purpose after this year is Italian Opera, she will not con-

flict with any prima donna under Perrin, or derange his organization.

The Conservatoire of Music at Madrid, took fire while "Maria di Rohan" was being rehearsed, and burned down. Being located near El Orient, that opera house suffered a little derangement, and performances were suspended for a few days.

Mlle. Mauduit takes Sass' role in "Don Carlos," and Sass resumes Selika, in which her success has been great.

Garnier, who superintends Louis Napoleon's grand new Academic, took a sharp look at opera houses in northern Italy and Germany, to ascertain what improvements they offered upon his original plan for that edifice.

On Adelina Patti's benefit night she received seventy-five bouquets and eighteen crowns.

Mlle. Krauss and Fraschini were enthusiastically applauded in "Lucrezia Borgia" at Les Italiens, and his cabaletta in act third gained an ovation for him.

Gye watched in Paris until Gounod's opera appeared, for he means to make a hit with it, having Patti and Mario for the lovers.

"Mignon" attained late in April its sixty-sixth representation, and the nightly receipts had risen to 6,000 francs.

"La Scala" again closed last month with a storm of hisses.

Pacine's opera, "Berta," had indifferent estimation at Naples, it lacking originality and having too much barren prolixity.

Carlotta Patti and Ullman are said to have dissolved partnership because she engaged at Le Lyrique without his consent being first obtained.

Mme. Wipern has demanded the diploma of singer of the royal chamber, as Lucca obtained that honor.

Italian opera will again flourish at Baden during this coming season. Vitali, Grossi, Nicolini, Delle-Sedie, Agnesi, and Zucchini, will appear there with a chorus from Strasburg's opera and Koennemann's orchestra.

Cologne's male singing association held their twenty-fifth anniversary festival on April 27th.

Jules Benedict has been elected Conductor of Liverpool's Philharmonic concerts, against formidable rivalry, as C. Halle, Otto Goldschmidt, Arditi, A. Manns, C. J. Hargitt, A. Sullivan, E. Silas, J. L. Hatton, J. Hullah, and other well known musicians, were candidates for that much coveted position.

London journals announce that Ronconi will not appear in opera at London this season. He is still here.

The London New Philharmonic tried their new hall, called St. George's, with musical and other solemnity. Ennequist, Rose Hersee, Reichardt, Madeline Schiller and others, performed on that occasion, and the acoustic qualities of that new concert hall were generally acceptable to a large audience. Its dimensions are 110 by 50 feet, and 45 feet high, and some 1300 to 1500 can be comfortably seated there.

Dr. Spark's 500th organ performance at Leeds' Town Hall, had celebration by attempt to perform Haydn's "Creation," but as three principal singers were unable to appear, that affair seemed rather lame and inadequate to honor Dr. Spark for his immense deeds in organ concerts.

The London *News*' correspondence about l'Exposition at Paris affirms the superlative est-  
ma